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What fools these Mortals bel

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VACATION.

HIS ANNUAL REST AT OYSTER BAY.



"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

The matter of supplies for the Isthmian canal can be settled very easily by awarding all contracts to the highest bidders; this in accordance with the Shaw theory that the more you pay for anything, the happier and better off you are.

A REPORTER of the Paris Matin tried to purchase a genuine Rockefeller interview with a check for \$1,000. He failed. The proper way to make an American millionaire talk is not to offer him a thousand dollars, but to try to get a thousand dollars away from him.

"DECEPTION may almost be called the foundation of business."

—An Eminent Sociologist. And the corner-stone of the matrimonial edifice.

J. Ogden Armour remarks that American meat products "speak for themselves." Some of them, however, use foul language.

MR. MANSFIELD, "the worst actor in America," says he cannot toy with his highest ambitions merely to gain a reputation for good temper. Nay, nay. Rather would he toy with the proboscis or solar plexus of the unfortunate supe.

BEVERIDGE has the credit for starting the President on the trail of the packers; also the pen with which the President signed the Agricultural bill. Where does Upton Sinclair come in? Theodore might have given him the blotter, at least. But perhaps he wipes his pen in his hair.

WHAT HAS become of the old-fashioned man who takes off his coat in the house when the weather is warm? - Atchison Globe.

His wife makes him wear it Company might call.

MOST SUICIDES, it is stated, are between twentyone and thirty years of age. If a man can put up with the world or his wife until he is thirty he rsually cides to stand for them indefinitely.

> "THE PUBLIC can always be sure that, no matter what may happen in the way of an accident in the subway, the passengers will always have light enough to
> enable them to
> make their way
> in safety to the
> nearest station."—
> Mr. Belmont.

Excepting those peocourse, who unavoidably detained by death in a burning wooden car.

There are more ways than one of knocking the President.

A DR. EMIL REICH avers that baldness comes from stifling the imagination. On the other hand, un-stifled, un-bridled imagination is the father of hair tonics.

THE BACCA-LAUREATE sermons have been preached. The sages have spoken. The blights and the maladies of our time have been pointed out. All we have to do is get busy and cure them.

AMERICANS find it a difficult task to convince seekers after information that Congress is not controlled by corrupt capitalists and that the country at large is not lost to a keen sense of business honor. It is repeatedly retorted:

"Then President Roosevelt must have misrepresented the situation; he has traduced his country and done his people the worst damage of any inflicted by any ruler."

—The Sun's cable.

There are more

RESPECTFULLY SUGGESTED.

ANYTHING WITH LESS THAN TWO DISTINCT MOTIONS IS TOO SLOW FOR CONEY.

HER POSTSCRIPT.

ob, Dear; I wish you would write a little business letter for me while you are there at your desk. You know so much better than I how to word a letter of that kind.

I want to send for some samples of organdies and other summer dress goods. Will you please write the letter for me?"

Bob was obliging, and before he went downtown he handed his wife the following letter, saying as he did so:
"That will fetch them, I guess."

"Brown & White:

Gentlemen — Will you please send me some samples of organdies and other thin summer dress goods, and oblige

Very sincerely yours,

R. L. BROOKER."

Mrs. Brooker read the letter, and said to herself:
"That sounds dreadfully indefinite. I'll just add a
postscript to make it a little clearer."
This was the postscript:

"My husband wrote the above letter for me, as I thought that he, being a business man and accustomed to writing a great many business letters, would know better than I just how to word the letter, but he wrote it somewhat hurriedly, being anxious to get to his office early this morning because of a special engagement with one of his customers, and I do not think he has made it quite clear in regard to what I want. I want samples of the latest thing you have in organdies and other thin dress goods—something with rather small figures and pretty well covered that would look dressy at a summer hotel, as I am expecting to spend the month of August at a hotel of that kind and find myself in need of at least one light dress, if not two. If the samples you send are satisfactory and your prices are not too high, I may order two dress patterns. It will depend somewhat on whether the dressmaker I have engaged can give me time enough to make up the two dresses, and I fear she cannot because of the demands on her time at this season. You



MAKING THE 8:20 LOCAL.

THE SUBURBANITE.—There's nothing like having an inventive turn of mind. Now I can eat my breakfast leisurely every morning.

might send samples of something in a fine lawn or thin white goods, but as I already have two white dresses I think it probable that I will be more likely to select the organdie if the samples are satisfactory. A friend of mine received a large number of beautiful samples from you about a year ago, and that is how I happen to be sending to you for some, although I would probably have sent anyhow as I know yours to be a reliable store. I do not want any of last year's patterns, and I hope you will not forget to send only samples of the newest things you have, preferably pink and white, or a soft lavender and white, or even a black and white, as black and white seems

to be worn a great deal this year. I would like the samples as soon as possible as I have my dressmaker engaged for the fifteenth and this is the third, so you see there is not much time to spare. Then, too, I would like her to see the samples before I order the goods and have her suggest something in regard to the trimmings although I think that I shall have the dress made rather simply, for a real handsome organdie does not require a great deal of trimming. In fact, too much trimming is apt to spoil the effect of the goods itself. So, kindly send the samples as soon as you can and if I like them I will be

"HE FORGOT HIMSELF."

almost sure to send for a dress pattern although they have some really handsome organdies here and I would not feel like obligating myself to order a dress from your samples. Kindly send at once, and be sure and send samples of your newest patterns.



THE SOFT COAL ROUTE.

EVER BEEN ON IT?

FACIAL.

"Don't you think her face rather too thin?"
"Well, I don't know. I can't see any place where it's worn through. Can you?"



ONLY FIVE MINUTES' WALK TO THE STATION.



"Have a drink, old man?"

CUT-OUTS FOR GROWN-UP CUT-UPS.

PUT A HEAD ON TO SUIT YOURSELF.

"I never touch the vile stuff, sir."



"Thanks, don't care if I do."



"Sorry, but I'm on the water wagon"



"Aw right, old fel. But thish ish th' lash

FINESSE.

E TIME there was a lady from the City who was passing the Summer in the Country. And the lady was all Choked Up with the New Thought. Many persons came where she was, thinking to Rest from the strife and din and roar and buffetings of the City. But their dream of delight faded. For they ran afoul of the lady whose soul was in a state of upheaval with the New Thought—which is mostly a horrible chestnut, when you figure it out.

At breakfast the lady discoursed on new ideas in nutriment. After breakfast she delivered an oration on things Psychic and Occult — Demonstrable and otherwise. From this she passed lightly to Hidden Fires, and Sources of Strength. Unless a listener was strong, he went speedily into a comatose state; if he was strong, his chances of becoming a raving maniac were excellent. The lady had a way of speaking considerably at length in a Tone of Voice that certainly Challenged Attention.

Christian Science came in for Elucidation: Budd-hist Culture was valiantly set forth; the Esoterie Quality of the Limit ad Limitum was searchingly analyzed. There were other things. Oh, many other things. The lady was kept Fired Up to a fine fervor

of Interest by constantly coming New Individuals which were Projected into her Sphere.

In a word, there was a panic among the boarders:—not a Christian Science panic, but the real thing. The lady was such an expert at Cornering a man, that it was n't safe to be polite.

Every morning, there were Relief Expeditions out into the surrounding country. In the afternoon there was a general exodus into the Woods. The lady was left on the piazza engaged in Talking with Some New Recruit. If he lasted thro' the day, it was generally necessary to put him in a Strait Jacket after Even-Song. Oh, yes, it was very restful and serene and charming—in the distant fields. But there came a Spell of Weather: it rained for a week; everybody had to stay indoors, or be soaked. It was one of those Scylla-Charybdis Situations where Pain is both Constant and Recurring.

It began raining on a Monday. By Thursday night, the Ranks were Decimated. The last train West took a party of seventeen.

On Saturday, a little band of survivors, wan, wild-eyed and hunted, were on their way to the spot.

A messenger overtook, them. He had news:

Later it was learned that the management had imported the Stone-deaf man for the express purpose.

Noble management.

Fred. Ladd.

With one accord, the brave little band turned back

the Lady had Lost her Voice talking to a man who was Stone-deaf.

THE ANNUAL GAME.

"Let's See," remarked the summer boy,
"I guess I've thought of everything;
I've yellow socks, some lurid ties, a cane
And one bright diamond ring."

"Let's see," remarked the summer girl,
"I guess there's nothing more to choose;
White skirts, a bath suit, parasol
And half-a-dozen peek-a-boos."

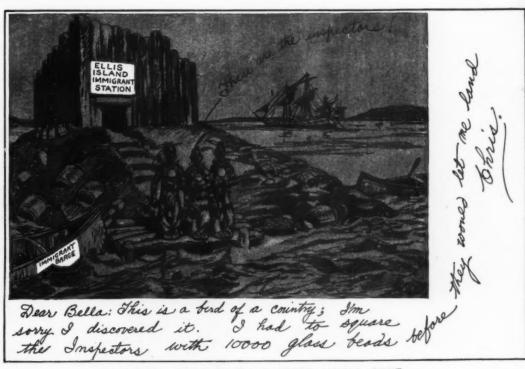
"Let's see," remarked the God of Love,
"I think I'm all prepared for play;
I've bow and arrow, beach and moon:
The season's open; step this way."

Perrine Lambert.

ITS USEFULNESS.

A UNT MARIA.—The table was laid with eighteen covers.

UNCLE HIRAM.—Gee whilikins, if a feller spilt his gravy it would n't go through to the bottom.



SOUVENIR POSTALS THAT WERE NEVER SENT.

FROM CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS TO QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN

In an age of open-work and aniline dyes, the Blue Stocking naturally exhibits a tendency to pass.



THE BOSS OF THE BEANERY.—Run out an' hail a cop, Lizzie, quick!
The guy there 's a suicide! He 's just ordered potted ham!

BOOTLESS BELLICOSITY.



HAVE always been more or less behind the times," pessimistically admitted the Venerable Grouch. Probably it runs in the breed, for my great-grand-father roundly denounced the first steam-cars as the joint invention of Stephenson and Satan, standing loyally up for the old stage-coach and declaring that nobody could go flying across the face of Nature and in the face of Providence at the ter-

rific speed of nine miles an hour without being smothered to death by the resistance of the atmosphere. But were that dogmatic old gentleman alive to-day he could have the pleasure of being killed by a train running ninety miles an hour.

"It has always been much the same with me. I have persistently and consistently combatted various innovations, and they almost invariably laughed at my efforts. I fought the Greenbackers to the last ditch, and they triumphed tumultuously. Of course, they died a little later, but I did n't have the honor of killing them. I derided croquet, but it spread over the land like a pestilence, and is even yet played in some of the heathen islands and parts of Arkansas. I have continuously cried warnings against patent medicines, but everybody is full of them. I have never ceased to denounce Christian Science, but 'most any peaked-headed professor makes a better living than I do. I spoke sneeringly of appendicitis, until it removed from my midst a brother-in-law I'd been supporting for years. For a long time I contended that health foods contained neither health nor food, but since the women-folks at our place have begun taking summer boarders what's a man to do? I firm'y denied the utility of business colleges, and one of my nephews gained considerable reputation as an expert forger within two months after his graduation from one such institutions.

"I hooted contemptuously at the telephone, but it will be here long after I have ceased from troubling. I have fought the automobile with all my might, but it is growing in popularity and implacability every day. I rushed into print to deride the X-ray and radium and denounce wireless telegraphy as a transitory toy and a pathetic piddle, and it already begins to look as if I'd had to eat my

words. For some reason which I have forgotten I took to arguing that the world was growing better, and just about the time I flattered myself I had convinced or tired out the opposition the epidemic of everybody exposing everybody else broke out, and I was wrong again. Then, just as I had got gracefully whopped over onto the other side, the U. S. Senate suddenly turned turtle and began to show marked symptoms of honesty, and there I was, hoist, as you might say, on my own petard!

"I have stood by my guns and battled for my opinions, and the world has moved onward just the same. And if this thing

continues I am likely to end up by being run over and obliterated by the Car of Progress while I am hopping around in the highroad trying to brush it back with a goose-feather. My life has been devoted to viewing with alarm and being unalterably opposed.

alterably opposed, and all I have accomplished by it is to win the Old Fogy championship; so now I guess the only way I can cut any figure is to begin to point with pride to, and heartily indorse, everything that I can't prevent. It has taken me quite a spell

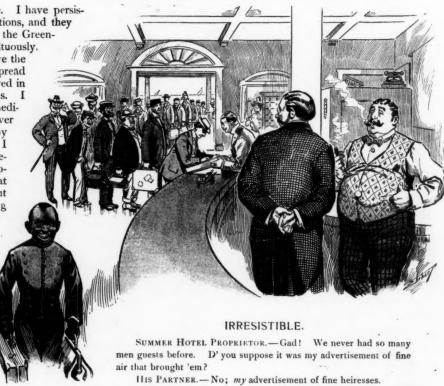
to realize that I can't spank the whole world, but I guess I have finally learned my lesson."

Tom P. Morgan.

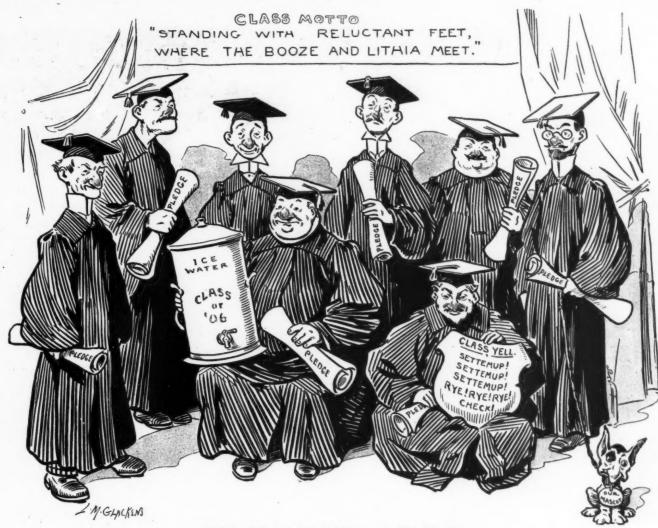


CONSOLATION.

"A MIDST all de slings and arrors of injustice dat so inginer'ly conflicts de cullud man," said Brother Utterback, "dar am one pompous consolation: No nigger ever comes home and gits a beatin' fum de wife of his buzzom uh-kaze of a long blonde hair she happens to find on de lapel of his coat. Uck!—nussah!"



Most any man can make a fool of himself. It is where he wants an elegant job and does n't care for the expense that he gets some woman to help him.



GOLD CURE UNIVERSITY, CLASS OF 'o6.

PHOTO, BY MULDOON.

"YOURS ALWAYS."

"Yours Always," was her letter's end, In days departed, dead,—
"Yours always," "Always yours."

L've returned her precious letters.

I 've returned her precious letters, Sent them back, insolvent debtors, But my mind has this in fetters:

"Always yours," "Always yours."

"Yours always," was the signature;
Two ways she wrote and said:
"Yours always," "Always yours."
Oh, I should have known much better,
Yet I swore by every letter
That, "my heart is yours, Aletta,
Always yours, always yours!"

'Yours always'' was the letter's end, —
The last, the one in red, —
"Yours always," "Always yours."
Had I never seen or met her,
Never got a lying letter,
Would I now be something better,
Always yours, always yours?

Walter Beverley Crane,

AN INCONSIDERATE HUSBAND.

FARMER STACKRIDER (ruminatingly).—I kinda b'lieve I 'll buy me one o' these 'ere safety razors that I see adve'tised so much.

MRS. STACKRIDER (peevishly).—Yes, that 's just exactly like you, Jason! You ain't got no more consideration for a toilin' woman than a mill-stun! How do you s'pose I can rip up seams with a safety razor?

HOME MADE HAPPY.

"Yes," said the enthusiastic stranger, "you have a beautiful little city. Your town hall is a noble edifice; the post-office is a daring design sublimely executed; never have I seen anything chaster than the lines of the First Combinated Church. But, as the poet says, 'One thing there is lacking in the picture.'"

"And that?" we gasped expectantly.

"That," said the stranger, opening a secret recess in his vest,

"that is the complete and only authentic history of the California disaster. 'THE EARTHQUAKE AT SAN FRANCISCO: An Official Account of the Shock with all the Revolting Details, Harrowing Descriptions and Gruesome Photographs.' Price only three-seventy-eight — payable in quarterly installments. Your full name, please."

Some days afterward we pre-

sented our copy to a worthy Polish family of the neighborhood.

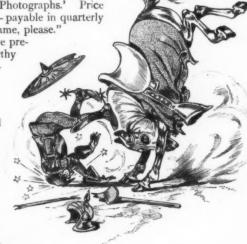
FACE.

She started, recoiled, and then bent anxiously nearer her mirror.

"A wrinkle, as I 'm alive!" she exclaimed.

She was of a buoyant temper, however. "I suppose I'll have to put a good face on

"I suppose I 'll have to put a good face on it!" she said, reaching forthwith for the necessary materials.



A KNIGHT OFF.



J. OTTMANN WTH. CQ. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

ROMEO.—Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, that tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——JULIET.—Oh, swear not by the moon, that twice inconstant moon!

ROMEO.—All right, I'll cut it out! It's a dead one, anyway!



PUCK

July Jabs.

POPULAR VERSE.

(Sentimental Poets Please Cut It Out.)

THE lobster has lost its savor, the rickey has lost its

I'm sick of the sights of the city, I'm yearning for the farm.

I want to go back, I want to go back, and I can't get back too soon,

Where "clover bloom" is a perfect rhyme for a "drowsy afternoon."

I want to go back to the old farm—the old farm place was best.

Where "friends I knew" were "tried and true," and the sun sank in the west.

I want to go back, I want to go back, to where I went to school —

Where a "fishing pole" is a perfect rhyme to "the fragrant orchard cool."

I want to go back to the old farm, and the dear old swimming-hole, To showers and flowers and bowers and hours of rural rigmarole. I want to go back, I want to go back, to the land of long ago, Where, "the brindled cow" is a perfect rhyme to "the hazy afterglow."

The lit'ry market is stagnant. Operators complain of unexampled dulness this season. The output is large, but sales are slow. Raw and common to good fiction is quiet and steady, but local bulls expect a bulge after the August liquidation. Refined fiction showed a slump, and several failures are reported. Prime humor was firm, and futures closed ten points higher. Biography declined. Handpicked Indiana and Weekapaug poetry went begging at 3c. per line. Not much improvement in the market is looked for until fall.



DURING NOON HOUR.

"Whew! If this is n't the hottest day we 've had, 1'll eat my hat."

"Why is an author popular?" asks a London magazine, and offers a prize for the best answer. An author is popular for the same reason that a drygoods merchant is popular: he advertises. Keep the prize-money.

OH, LA-LA-LA!

" The hellish cookery at Chicago." — $\it Henri\ Rochefort.$

Why, Onree, how you do go on!

What foolish words are these!

There's nothing smells in Packingtown

So bad as Rochefort cheese.

The man who has Dante's ashes will sell them for \$50,000. He does n't care any more about them than the son of a famous American author cares about his father's love letters.

The heat must be affecting Herr Conried's business sense. He has hired another soprano, regardless of expense.

Senator Lodge declares that the makers of books compare favorably with the makers of sausages. And their wares are not unlike. One never knows what he is going to get when he buys a book or a sausage.

The Atlantic Monthly inquires: "Are women happier when no man is present?" Probably not. But the man is.

Did you draw an LL.D.? Or a subpœna?

B. L. T.

CONVINCED.

MR. SPONGELY (slightly related).—Splandid! Magnificent! Do you know, Uncle Eli, I believe I shall never get tired of seeing the sun set behind that hill!

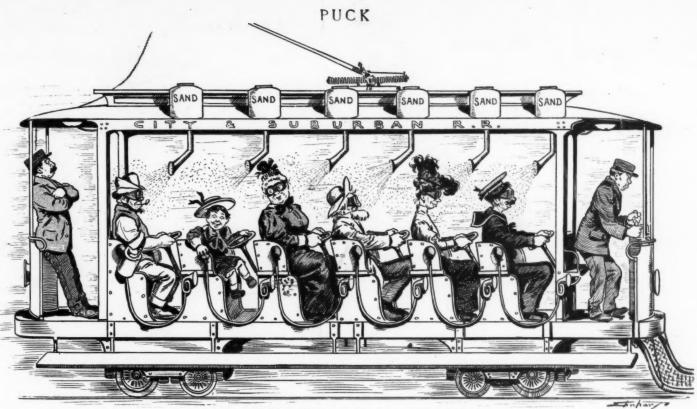
UNCLE Ell. - That 's what me an' mother 's beginnin' to think.

GROSS NEGLIGENCE.

FIRST SENATOR.—Grafton intends getting out of politics.

FIRST SENATOR.— Said anything to that effect?

FIRST SENATOR.— Not to me; but during the last week of the session three bills went through without a single amendment from him.



FOR THOSE WHO HAVE N'T THE PRICE

OF THE REAL THING, THIS AUTO-TROLLEY CAR IS THOUGHTFULLY DESIGNED.

THE PORK CZAR'S GAME.

HE COMIC philosopher, at the request of the retired porkpacker, sank into an easy chair, while his face wore a puzzled air which might be called one of kaleidoscopic interrogation. Then the man who had hurdled over oceans of hogs to fortune, began: "Many people regard me as a model millionaire because I have done the conventional things which are expected of every well regulated millionaire, such as endowing colleges and hospitals. By doing these things I have gained an enviable social foothold, and very frequently I am sought by newspaper people for my opinion on art and other matters. And now and then I make an after dinner speech. But I find that to be a successful millionaire I

must also be a philosopher, and be able to say things destined to become household words. Two or three aphorisms will bring me in a bigger return than will a couple of million dollars put out on orphan asylums, park statues and foreign missions. You see I was not raised on a farm, and I did not walk into a howling city with only twenty-six cents in my pocket, as did the average millionaire. I was brought up in a comfortable home and had a fairly good education. That is probably the reason I am not an offhand coiner of phrases that live in the public heart. Now I want you to grind me out a lot of these things, for which I will pay you your price.

out a lot of these things, for which I will pay you your price.

"How does this strike you?" asked the acrobatic philosopher who was a man of business and did not believe in wasting time. "Hitting the nail on the head does not mean half so much as hitting it straight."

"It's lovely, and will be just the thing to put into a college commencement talk when I would offset the flowery parts with a bit of horse sense." "Here's another," continued the acrobat — "one-half the world does n't care how it beats the other half out of a living, and here is still another, What's the use of spending all your life learning to spell, when you can buy a dictionary for fifty cents?"

"Fine, but how in the world do you ever think of them so fast?"

"Fine, but how in the world do you ever think of them so fast?"

"It's all force of habit," replied the acrobat, "writing sonnets is just like cutting a dog's ears or mending a fence; it is only a matter of getting the hang of the thing."

matter of getting the hang of the thing."

"If you only had a few hundred thousand dollars behind you to give your utterances importance, and to make you worth listening to, you would soon make Aristophanes look like a dollar watch. Just give me a few more of these and I 'll be in the senate before I know it."

"Well," continued the philosopher, "how does this strike you: Two heads are better than one in an unwatched barrel of apples!"

Two heads are better than one in an unwatched barrel of apples!"

"It strikes me in precisely the right spot. I will work that off like a happy thought conceived on the spur of the moment at, say,

a chamber of commerce dinner. A couple more will be enough, for the present."

"You shall have them: Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of the heirs who don't know you at present. The game is not worth the candle, if you lose. It does n't pay to light five cent cigars with ten-dollar bills, and the man who cannot tell all other men to go to Hades is in Hades himself."

The Pork Czar wrote them down, and thrusting some bills into the acrobat's hand, remarked: "When any more of these things occur to you bring them right in. At this rate in two or three months, I shall have Choate standing in front of his mirror nailing on his laurels. Good-bye, and don't forget me."



SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE ITEM.

EVERY POSSIBLE ATTENTION PAID TO PURCHASERS.

"Good-bye," replied the acrobat, "I certainly shall not."

R. K. Munkittrick.

IS your face one of the sensitive, easily irritated kind?

Shaving Soap softens the beard and soothes the skin

as no other soap does. It leaves the face soothed and refreshed. It's the only soap that does not smart or dry on the face.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS Co., Glastonbury, Conf



The Insurance Committee had informed the witness that his explanation failed to explain.

"Really, gentlemen," he responded blithely, "I am highly gratified."

Surprised, they made question.

"Why, I could make in three minutes," he resumed, "an explanation that would explain the whole business. Preparation of the one you have heard occupied my time for three months."

Then they could understand his glow of pride.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

"Yes, he's got the greatest memory I ever heard of." "Yes?"

"Yes. Why, he can remember the names of the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates on the Prohibition ticket in 1904." - Catholic Standard

THAT father who ran away from his daughter's wedding, set an awful example; we heard another father say to-day he intends doing the same thing. No father enjoys a wedding. Of course he likes to see his daughter find another man to pay her dentist bills, but a quiet affair at home, with a justice of the peace officiating, is elaborate enough for him. — Atchison Globe.

PROOFS PHOTOGRAVURES FROM PUCK



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The only whiskey that places a complete, quaranteed analysis on each & every bottle-See back label!

That's All!



WHY NOT?

MRS. ROTUND .- Henry, why are n't you like Mr. Simper? His wife tells me that he taught her to swim by literally carrying her into the water and holding her up.

Add a little Abbott's Angostura Bitters to a glass of wine and you'll be surprised what a delightful tonic it makes.

AN ASPIRATION.

"Of course," said the new rector, "you hope eventually to reside in a heavenly mansion where-

"Oh, yes!" interrupted Miss Uppisch, "and I do hope it won't be too close to the heavenly huts of the poor." - Catholic Standard and Times.

FALLING PRICES.

"What do you think of the Massachusetts scandal where a legislator was offered a fifty-dollar bribe?"

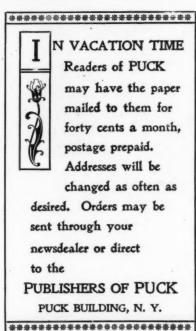
"Outrageous," responded the statesman. "Outrageous! Why, they'll be offering to buy us with street-car tickets next."—Philadelphia Ledger.

What if the American hen should decide at this critical juncture to curtail production? - Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IF you want to learn the exact number of years that must elapse before the paper, the wooden, the crystal, or the diamond wedding, ask the maiden -Somerville Journal.

Now IT is said that the Prince of Wales thought that Madrid bomb was a salute and that 's the reason he was not scared and kept right on bowing and smiling to the multitudes. And they say that those tigers he so valorously slaughtered in India were drugged and harmless. Oh, what 's the use? not let even a Prince of Wales get a little glory out of life? - Cleveland









the very excuse I gave to my family

for wanting to marry your daughter.

- Philadelphia Ledger.

And the room has n't running water, as he advertised?" "Yes; but it comes from a leak in the roof."

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Angostura Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

AT THE WAY STATION.

"What are you spouting about?" asked the target of the water tank.

"Why, Old Locomotive came blowing along here and you ought to see me make him take water."

And the target laughed so hard that he threw the switch .- Toledo Blade.

ENCORE.

"Well," asked the host, "what do you think of that wine?"
"Well," replied his guest, smacking his lips as he laid down his glass, "it reminds me of a good story."
"Go ahead. Let's have it."

"Oh, you misunderstand me. I merely wish to imply that it's worth repeating." — Catholic Standard and Times.

TROUBLE BREWING.

GRAND VIZIER.—Say, Ab, it's three and twenty for you, old hoss.

ABDUL PASHA.—Why so, Most Illustrious Seven Spot?

G. V.—Well, the Sultanica's wife number 327, series B, met your number nine on the street the other day and found they had hats just alike, and the entire collection insist upon getting ahead of your bunch.—*Toledo Blade*.

An Atchison county farmer was so tickled over last night's rain, that he forgot and kissed his wife. - Atchison Globe.

FORTUNATELY for the human race, a broken engagement does n't always signify a broken heart. - Somerville Journal.

F IN HASTE TAKE THE NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

THE THOUSAND **ISLANDS**

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SLOW.

JONES. - Ever been here before, Smith? SMITH .- No; that accounts for my being here now.



LITERATURE 7'S. GRAFT.

Managing Editor.—I'm afraid we will have to get rid of our literary editor

Publisher.—What's the trouble?
Managing Editor.—His notions about a magazine are too old-style. Why, he actually insisted this month that he be allowed nine pages for his department!—American Spectator.

EMBARRASSING.

"I see Carnegie is interested in the spelling reform movement. I should think it would be embarrassing for him."

"Well, in the new style of spelling 'steel' and 'steal' will have to be the same."—Catholic Standard and Times.

BOKER'S BITTERS

A MODEST VISITOR.

"I hear tell," said the caller, "that you keep photygrafts of all the prominent men.

"Yes, sir," said the dealer.
"Wal, I 'm Hon. Jason Gosch,
Mayor o' Billville, Ohio. Lemme see
one o' mine."—Philadelphia Ledger.

ON THE JUMP.

"It must take a lot of hard work to provide for your large family, Mr. Frog," sympathizingly remarked Rev.

M. Turtle.

"Yes," replied Mr. Frog, "it keeps me on the jump."—Toledo Blade.

ONE WAY TO GET IT.

"You say Mabel is in the habit of walking for her complexion?"
"Yes. To the nearest drug store."

-Milwaukee Sentinel.

"THE better the day, the better the deed" does n't apply to a land conveyance signed on Sunday. - Somerville Journal.

"I Believe In The Use of Beer"

Distinguished Divine Pleads for Popular Beverage In The Home.

From staid old Fitchburg, Mass. comes the voice of a rector pleading for the sane use of wine and beer. The Rev. Alexis W. Stein, rector of Christ Episcopal Church of that city, and formerly assistant to the Rev. Dr. Rainsford at St. George's Church, New York, and, previously, rector of Christ's Church, Cincinnati, believes in facing conditions as they exist. "I am one of those," he says, "who believe in the "I am one use of wine and beer. The surest cure for the misuse of them is the proper use of them. The man who drinks beer in his home with his family and children about him will get no harm himself, nor do any harm to any-one else because he drinks. The man who spends an hour with a group of friends, among whom are women he respects, over one or two glasses of beer or light wine, as do some European people, will get no harm from it. The beer gardens of Germany are positive forces for good in the social life of that country.

That is the reverend gentleman's tolerant and rational attitude on the question, and had he gone further and examined into the merits of the vari-ous beers he would have agreed with some of our most eminent physicians that Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is the best means to temperance because of its small percentage of alcohol and its great food value. He would also have recommended Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer, as do the doctors, "in preference to all other beers because it is absolutely clean beer,—the beer that is absolutely pure, never touched by human hands and never in contact with any air, except sterilized and filtered air, from the time it is brewed till it is poured into your glass." That is what one well-known doctor said of it.

Other doctors say Pabst Blue Rib-bon Beer is the cleanest, purest, most wholesome beer brewed and our readers will agree with us that the doctors ought to know.

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when buying your camera. The lens is the most important part of the outfit. Almost any kind of lens will make some kinds of pictures and under some conditions, but it takes a Tessar Lens to make first class pictures under all kinds of conditions. Dark days, late or early hours, street scenes, land-scapes, interiors, portraits, athletes, copies of the finest engravings are alike to Tessar. How much more pleasure and profit can be had from a camera fitted with a Tessar Lens, how much less wasted material and opportunities. Such standard cameras as Kodaks, Premos, Centuries, Hawkeys, Graflex are now sold with Tessar Lenses. See that the dealer shows you a camera with a Tessar Lens.

Booklet "Aids to Artistic Aims" on request.

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THE FINISH!

THE ROOSTER.—What's this I hear about its being unlucky to have a toad cross your path?

-Give it up, but my friend, the worm, says in his family it is regarded as unlucky to have a chicken cross their path.

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"By the way," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "speaking of French bills-of-fare, what is the French for canned corned-beef, anyway?"- Yonkers Statesman.



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STRICTLY GERM-PROOF.

The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic

Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny
gamboled up;
They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undisguised—
It was n't Disinfected and it was n't Ster-

They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of

Disease,
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand odd

degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as
Banished Hope,
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulphuretted hydrogen they steeped its

wiggly ears;
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair
of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they
took it by the hand

And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There 's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;
They swim in pure iodoform a dozen times

a day; And each imbibes his rations from a Hy-

And each implies his gienic Cup—
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup—Woman's Home Companion,



